

DEATH OF MOTHER BOREN

On October 22, 1870, our fourth son, *Clinton Coleman*, was born. It was a cold, stormy fall and I kept him in the house until he became sick. Nothing seemed to help him. One day while giving him a bath and looking at his arms and legs so tiny, I became frightened and started to cry. I prayed for help and wisdom that I might know what to do for him. A voice seemed to say, "Take him out into the fresh air." I dressed him and put a blanket around him and went to Aunt Polly's. She saw I had been crying and asked what was the matter, I told her and showed her his arms and legs; told her how I had prayed; she said the thing to do was to take him out every day, which I did, and he was soon well again.

Jasper was working at the mouth of Provo Canyon. I went to Provo and he was coming back with me. I took two sacks of potatoes for Mother Boren, who was a widow. When we got to Provo, I went to my Father's place, and Bryant took the potatoes to Mother Boren. When I met her a few days later she told me how good Bryant was, said no one else gave her anything. I could not tell her that we were the ones who gave her the potatoes. I told Jasper about it; he said he would tell his Mother, but he never got to, as she died soon after. He was getting ready to go and see her when word came that she had passed on. She had been sick for a long time; that morning she felt so much better. Lorain was combing her hair when Mother Boren said, "I believe I will go and see Jasper and his family and stay two or three days. I will go and get ready now." She soon called to Lorain and said, "Lorain, I am dying" and within five minutes she was dead. She died of "traveling rheumatism" that went to her heart. She was considered well off.

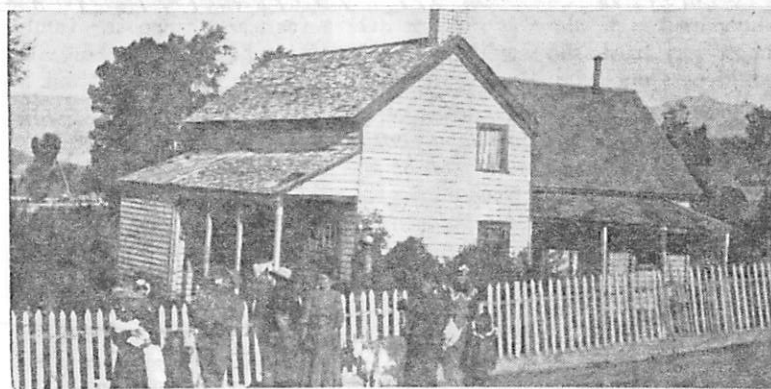
ANOTHER DEATH — FATHER

July 16, 1868, I was called to the bedside of my Father. He had been operated on and seemed to get better after I arrived. He wanted me to go home to my family; said they needed me. I went out in the berry patch and prayed, went back in the house and told him I would not leave him that day. Father said to me, if he lived he would do everything he could for me, and if he died, and there was any chance of the dead helping the living, he would sure help me, and I know he has as I have felt his presence many times. I went home on the 20th and on the 22nd he died. After I left for home, Mother left him sleeping and went out in the garden to get some berries, when he came out, the first time he had walked after his operation; he took a setback and lived two days. My Mother sent us word by a neighbor but he forgot to tell us. My mother saw another neighbor; he said he would tell us, but he forgot, too. They were both called good men, but John Cook, a hard working and honest man heard about Father's death, and put himself out of his way to come and tell

us. My Father was a man of great faith; he visited the sick and the needy, comforted the discouraged. When he spoke in meetings or prayed in public, or administered to the sick, he would talk in tongues—he could not help it. His bishop forbid him to speak in tongues; then went to President Brigham Young to get him excommunicated, but Brigham said, "He has done too much good in the Church, leave him alone, he is all right." He could not go to meetings or visit the sick, and soon began to say hard things about the bishop, but not for long, as he soon realized that the bishop was not the Church. Please read 1 Cor., Chapter 12, Verses 1-12.

My brother Clinton lived in Provo Canyon. His wife took sick,

*Clinton Mecham = bro to Lucina
Mecham (son Jasper Boren)
lived in Provo Canyon*



The Boren Home built 1870

We were getting along very well. We had a five-room house; the first home with a shingle roof in the valley. We also had a coal oil lamp. All of our neighbors came to see the new lamp. Most of them were afraid it might explode. Nearly all the meetings, dances and parties were still held at our home. My husband had a shingle mill and was always serving on the School Board. The town was building a schoolhouse and wanted to have it ready for a Thanksgiving party. Jasper said he could have the shingles ready and on the building.

to dress it again. He began to get better, but nearly all the flesh dropped from his arm.

TRYING TIMES

We had a hard time to make a living. My husband would peel tan bark, take it to Salt Lake and sell it for things we had to have. He would buy leather and make boots and shoes. He would make the pegs from a straight-grained maple stick sawing it in the right length, then splitting them to the right size and sharpening one end with a knife.

When the high dugway was built in Provo Canyon, Jasper took our two oldest boys to carry water. They had no crowbar, so he made one out of a maple stick to pry the rocks loose. When the railroad was being built to Utah, Jasper went to work for John G. Timothy. He took hay to last for three weeks and when it was all fed out, he asked Timothy for hay for his team. He would not let him have any, so Jasper quit, but Timothy would not pay.

Up to that time we never had family prayers, but while Jasper was away I prayed with my children, and when he came home, I asked him to have family prayers. He said he would, and we have always had prayers at our home from then on. Jasper took stock in the tannery that was being built in Heber and lost it all; and when the Co-op Store was started we took stock in it. R. C. Camp was manager. He seemed to be a very good Mormon, and people liked him very much. I had a cow I was going to sell and put the money in the store, but Mr. Camp said he would take the cow, and give me forty dollars for her, and if he could get any more, he would give me more. Later I went to see what he got for the cow. He had only given me credit for twenty-five dollars. He told me that was all he got for her, but his mother-in-law said he got fifty dollars. He paid a dividend to the stockholders, but I did not get one. I went to see him; he had not put my name on the books, yet; but I would get a dividend next time. But before another dividend was due the store went broke, and the stockholders had to pay off a large debt that Camp owed. My share was seven dollars and twenty-five cents, besides losing my cow.

In 1879 when Ida Viola was a year old, she took very sick. Her limbs were stiff and sore. She lay in her crib and could not stand to have anyone touch her. Everyone thought she would die. We had the Elders come several times a day; she was suffering so much that I went to the Lord and begged of Him if He were going to take her from us, to do so, and not have her suffer so much; but if she was to live, to give me wisdom to know what to do for her. Jasper came and said the Elders had held a meeting and were coming to our house. When they came, Brother Kirby prayed, using about the same words that I had used in my prayer a few minutes before they came. I then felt that she would get well. That night I felt the presence of my Father,

and I got the idea to rub Ida with salt and vinegar. My sister Donna came to see me and when she saw what I was doing, she said I should not do it, as it might do her harm. I then told her how I got the idea. She then said, "It must be all right, you should keep right on doing it." A neighbor came and said their child had the same sickness and if I was not so stingy, I would get a doctor and our child would live. I told her she was putting her trust in a doctor and I was putting my trust in the Lord. My child lived and had a family of five children; she had her child to a doctor for four years, then they brought her home, but she could not walk or talk. She lived until she was thirteen years of age and then died. During this time two more children came to bless our home, Sarah Minerva, born November 18, 1881 and Wilford Wells, born September 23, 1883.

I was sick with a pain in my head and face. My husband said I should go and see Aunt Polly, she would tell me what to do. I started, but I only went a short way, when something seemed to say to me to put buttermilk on my face. I turned around and went home and put cold buttermilk soaked in a cloth around my head and face and held cold buttermilk in my mouth. When it got warm, I would change it, keeping it as cold as I could. The pain soon left me and in a few days I was all right again. I know for myself, that if we would only listen to the whisperings of the spirit, we would save ourselves a lot of trouble and would be a lot better off, knowing what to do in trying times.

On one occasion, a lady told me to get a bottle of Winslow's Syrup for my baby, as she cried every afternoon. Jasper got some the next time he went to Provo, but when she cried I was afraid to give it to her. The next day Jasper stayed home and when she began to cry he gave her some of the Winslow's Syrup. The baby went to sleep, but I could see it was not a natural sleep, so I called my husband. He looked at her and she looked bad, he took the syrup and destroyed it. I prayed to know what to do for my child; something told me to give her tea made of dill leaves. My husband administered to her and I gave her the tea. She was soon better and playing with the other children.

We bought the first surrey in Wallsburg, and how happy we were to ride in it, instead of a cart, or white-top. I was President of the Primary. We had no place to hold Primary, so my husband built some benches and would move them in and out of our home for me on Primary day.

My husband was Watermaster for thirteen years without pay. One year it was very dry; my husband had just started to water our garden when a man came, said he was going to have the water. His garden was dying for the want of water. Jasper told him that the people were all on turns, and he should respect the other fellow's rights. The man said, "I don't care for the other fellows, I'm going to have the water." Jasper looked at him, then said, calling him by